

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

For court use only
Information Number

Victim's Name: Robin Lukan (Corner) Police Service
Offence Date: April 6, 2013 Offence Location: Finnley, SK Incident File Number: 2013-0418-1113

This form may be used to provide a description of the physical or emotional harm, property damage or economic loss suffered by you as the result of the commission of an offence, as well as a description of the impact of the offence on you. You may attach additional pages if you need more space.

Your statement must not include:

- any statement about the offence or the offender that is not relevant to the harm or loss you suffered;
- any information alleged;
- any comments about any offence for which the offender was not convicted;
- any complaint about any individual, other than the offender, who was involved in the investigation or prosecution of the offence; or
- except with the court's approval, an opinion or recommendation about the sentence.

You may present a detailed account of the impact the offence has had on your life. The following sections are examples of information you may wish to include in your statement. You are not required to include all of this information.

Emotional Impact

Describe how the offence has affected you emotionally. For example, think of:

- your lifestyle and activities;
- your relationships with others such as your spouse, family and friends;
- your ability to work, attend school or study; and
- your feelings, emotions and reactions as they relate to the offence.

Attached

Physical Impact

Describe how the offence has affected you physically. For example, think of:

- any physical pain, discomfort, illness, scarring, disfigurement or physical limitation;
- hospitalization or surgery you have had because of the offence;
- treatment, physiotherapy or medication you have been prescribed;
- the need for any further treatment or the expectation that you will receive further treatment; and
- any permanent or long-term disability.

Attached

Economic Impact

Describe how the offence has affected you financially. For example, think of:

- the value of any property that was lost or damaged and the cost of repairs or replacement;
- any financial loss due to missed time from work;
- the cost of any medical expenses, therapy or counselling; and
- any costs or losses that are not covered by insurance.

Please note that this is not an application for compensation or restitution.

N/A

Fears for security

Describe any fears you have for your security or that of your family and friends. For example, think of:

- concerns with respect to contact with the offender; and
- concerns with respect to contact between the offender and members of your family or close friends.

Drawing, poem or letter

You may use this space to draw a picture or write a poem or letter if it will help you express the impact that the offence has had on you.

I would like to present my statement in court.

To the best of my knowledge, the information contained in this statement is true.

Dated this 19 day of January 2019 at Slave Lake, Alberta

Signature of declarant

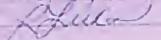


If you completed this statement on behalf of the victim, please indicate the reason why you did so and the nature of your relationship to the victim.

Mother of Connor Lukas

Dated this 19 day of January 2019 at Slave Lake, Alberta

Signature of declarant



In Loving Memory of



Conner Jamie Lukian
1997 - 2018



Tighten Your Skates

*In Lieu of flowers, donations can be
made to the "Conner Lukian Memorial Fund"*

Heaven's Team

The boys attended hearings...hockey sticks were in their hand
And as they met their friend Conner...they grew to understand
They had been very lucky...because there were no older ones to be.
And as they did the same age...hops, they set their young souls free.
The world then caught their looks...under jackets that fit just so.
And then...and if they could fly...if they'd only just let go.
The same that they once played on was full of faces once thought gone,
but they recognized their teammates and knew they weren't alone.
The reason they were excited to the team up in the sky
Is the realization with no opinion...for no reason...of the why?
They joined the team of friends...for a moment that close not end
And for forever they will be.
Remembering brother, Phoenix.

They had...this bond they only
Can have...with a brother...
Conner...he was...the best...
and...he...was...the...best...
and...he...was...the...best...

In Loving Memory of Conner Jamie Lukian January 14, 1993 - April 6, 2018

Celebration of Life

The Gathering Place

Slave Lake, AB

April 18th, 2018 at 1:00 pm

Officiating

Pastor Sean Brindow

Eulogist:

Kevin and Katherine Garinger

Memories

Jason McKee and Mike Ringrose

Jason Miller

Justin Jacobson

Open Mic

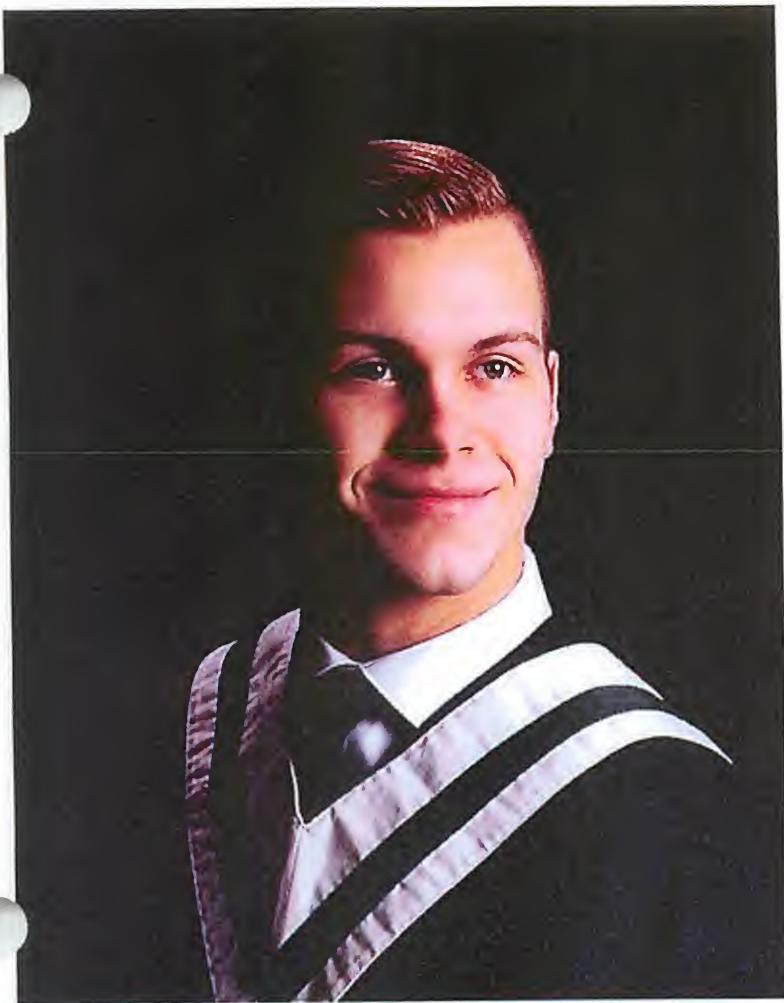
Cremation

Please join the family for lunch after the service
at the Slave Lake Multi Rec Center

Funeral arrangements by Chapel of Memories

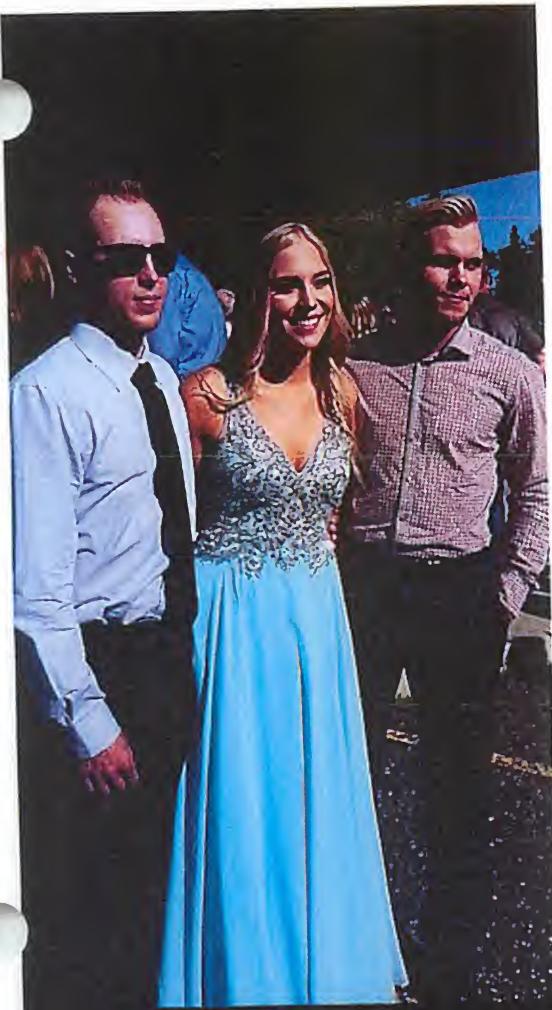
Here is my Victim Impact Statement - I have my attachment as a google doc.

 [Robin Lukian Impact Statement \(Conner\)](#)











On April 4, I came to Humboldt to attend my son's hockey game. It was a nine hour drive that we made as often as we could. This time I travelled alone, so I flew to Saskatoon, then rented a car. We loved to see Conner play. I watched the Broncos play Nipawin that night in the Elgar Petersen Arena. I watched while each of the boys played with determination and passion. And I watched my mild mannered son become the formidable, skilled player that he was on the ice. Behind me, Shauna Nordstrom cheered loudly, calling each player by name. I had never met her but was amazed that she seemed to know every boy on the team. Conner had spent last New Years Eve with her son at her house in St. Albert before returning to Humboldt on the 1st.

Conner and I had spent some time together that day, had breakfast, and I had left him a case of beer which he stored in his bedroom closet. Katherine and I joked that we were going to sneak into his bedroom and cut his hair that he had grown for playoffs. They lost in triple overtime that night and we teased him that maybe it wasn't the good luck charm he had thought. He was a handsome, beautiful boy who prided himself on his appearance. He was a sharp dresser and loved his hair - probably the only thing he ever bragged about. I had thought I might stay and travel to Nipawin to watch him play but decided to go home. I would go back to Slave Lake and return home watch the next game on Hockey TV. I hugged my son that night, kissed him goodbye and told him I would see him in a few days. That was the last time I would touch his face, kiss him or hear his voice. Had I known what would happen two days later, I would have never let go of his face.

My son, Conner was an amazing young man. He loved to play hockey. He was 23 months old when his Dad built him and his brother a skating rink outside. I remember having the hardest time finding skates that small. He took off skating and never quit. At a young age, he could name most of the NHL players, which positions they played, what hand stick they used and who they played for. Hockey was his life. Conner moved out of our home into his first billet family's home in Spruce Grove at the age of 14. Jacobsens raised him that season. The next year Sutters were his new family. In 2013 he lived with the Millers. They had him for 4 years until he was traded to Humboldt in 2017. Then Conner lived his final

season with Kevin Garringer and Katherine Oviatt. These families helped us raise him through his teenage years and into manhood. It was hard for me not to have my son at home all those years, but I always looked forward to him running through the door with all his suitcases every May, yelling "I'm home." His dog Tucker would jump in circles around him like he was a puppy again, even though he is old and on medication for arthritis. We were still very involved parents and travelled every chance we got to see him play. He was amazing to watch - an excellent skater, a skilled stick handler, and a team player that was loved by his coaches.

Conner's plan in life was to get a scholarship to continue his dreams and play hockey while he studied. He had already enrolled in some university level courses. His university books were in his backpack, on the floor of the billets house when we packed up his things and he had taken his laptop on the bus as he was always working on his classes. He had many University offers, and was in the process of deciding which one he would take. He asked me when we visited last what he should do. My words to him were "Buddy, just take one day at a time, everything will fall into place." That was how he lived his life - living in the moment and loving what was in front of him.

Conner had many friends and was loved by everyone who knew him. Many friends have come and spent time in his room, and in our home, trying to be close to the places that he loved, trying to fill the space that his absence has left for all of them.

We are very close family. Conner has a sister who he protected and adored and who relied on him as they were not only close in age but were joined at the heart. My other son, Kolby was so proud of his little brother and the man he had become. The three of them were inseparable as children and I loved our summers when Conner would come home and I would have all of my children together, along with my daughter in law, enjoying each other's company, laughing and remembering and making new memories. That filled my heart.

On April 6th, 2018, all of our lives changed forever. We knew about the accident but had no word about our son. I had all of my friends and family on the phone calling over and over trying to find news of Conner. The longer the time went, the more I knew in my heart that he wasn't coming home. With no news, I wanted to hope but deep down I knew the truth. We did not get official news until someone from the Bronco's office confirmed Conner was one of the dead, it was around 11:30. We were already packed and ready to go to Saskatchewan to see our son's body and be with him for the last time.

Hours later, we flew to identify Conner's body. I don't remember much of the flight there or anything about the trip. When I saw him I knew it was him for sure. I touched his hairy face that I had just kissed goodbye on the Thursday morning before the crash. He had a 7 inch gash in his head on the left. It was horrible to see my son like this. After viewing him, my oldest son fell to his knees and I remember wanting to pick him up and hold him but feeling like I was too weak, so I sat on a chair, helpless, with all of my children in the room. But this time, it was so wrong. Kolby was on his knees broken and sobbing. Conner wasn't just his brother, he was his best friend. My daughter hugged her brother's lifeless body, He was her lifelong friend and confidant. She was so distraught over his death, she couldn't return to University for a month. It was her final few weeks of school for the semester, and I was too weak and emotional, myself, to even help her move her belongings home.

On April 18th, we went through the motions of the morning getting ready for my son's funeral. His friends walked down the aisle first in front of us making a beautiful display of Jerseys, equipment and Conner's favorite, a double double from Tim Hortons. Conner's handsome brother Kolby walked wearing Conner's Jersey and dress shoes down the aisle holding the urn of his brother's ashes in his hands and placed it on the pedestal. I placed his baby blanket on top of the display along with a handprint of his I found in his keepsake box from Kindergarten. 2000 people mourned Conner that day in small town Slave Lake! Logan Boulet's dad gave a wonderful speech and Conner received a standing ovation from everyone in attendance. Brayden Camrud spoke many great words of how Conner was a great

teammate. I remember wishing I would have gotten to know more of the boys that season. I have many things that I wished I had done. I wished I had held Conner after that game on April 14 and never let him go. I will never get that time back and will never get to see what he was destined to become. I want to be able to say to him again, "Buddy, just take one day at a time, everything will fall into place." Those words seem empty now.

As a mother of these 3 beautiful children, I have always taken pride in how I raised them along with my husband of 25 years. I have always been the glue that held our family together and I was always so strong. Now, I feel like my heart has been ripped out of my body. I go through the motions every day and still try to be so strong for everyone, but it is taking a toll on me.

The hardest thing a mother can do is bury her child. I learned that from my mother-in -law. 22 years ago my brother-in-law was killed going to a hockey game down the highway from my house. He was also 21, and wore number 12 just like Conner. So for our family, this has had a double impact. We are reliving the grief that we had already lived through, that was barely healed - with a bandaid just over the surface.

On April 30th, I received a call from my husband's aunt who was worried about his mother because she could not be reached. I live next door, so I went there and found her on the floor in the living room. I did 25 minutes of CPR on her and she didn't survive. She couldn't live this pain again after losing her own son 22 years ago, now her Grandson. She died that day of a broken heart. And now we were once again thrown into the depths of grief even before we had time to process the loss of our own son.

I feel like I am going through the motions of life, without actually living - especially at work. I work in a Kindergarten to Grade 3 school. I can't show my emotion there. The children don't know why Mrs. Lukan is not smiling, not happy, not her usual self anymore. So I fake my emotions daily with the pain living in the pit of my stomach every day. Some days I can't even concentrate

enough to do my work. But I do it anyway, I need to survive somehow. I don't sleep, and there are many days that I have not been able to eat.

I have been to numerous doctors, who just tell me that it is normal for a person who is grieving as much as I am to feel this way. I have also seen a Psychologist for the first time in my life. It is very hard to see a small town Psych, while everyone in town watches you park and walk into the building, thinking they know how you are feeling, but they don't. No one does.

I am here today to look at the man who was responsible for taking my son away from me. I have no forgiveness. I want you to know who Conner was and how much he is missed. I want you to know that you have forever destroyed the beautiful family I have worked my entire life to create. I want you to look at me and know that your senseless lack of care has changed everything. I want you to see and feel the pain that you have caused.

Conner will never go to University. He will never play hockey again. He will never get married. He will never give me Grandchildren and be the amazing father and husband that he could have been. He is gone, and will never be home again. He will never be forgotten and no consequence, no sentence, no apology, no admission of guilt will ever be enough to fill the void that has been left. There were some who walked away that day while my son laid on the open prairie, lifeless. What I wouldn't give for him to have had that chance. That day took his life from him. It took mine from me. It took from my family. And there is nothing that this judge, nor this courtroom can do that will be enough to heal the gaping wounds this has caused. We will never be the same. I will never hear my children laugh together and recall their childhood memories. Everytime we get together, we will be missing our Conner. Everytime I walk past his bedroom, I will feel his absence. Every minute of every day, I will remember him and I will miss him. Right now I have nothing but tears of anger. Eventually those tears will be tears of sadness and longing. But there will always be tears. There will always be sadness. Any joy we may have in our family will always be coupled with the sadness that Conner will not be able to be part of it. My beautiful boy is no longer here. I will never see his

boyish grin, never hear him tease me, never share his laughter, never hear him talk about his truck, never pick up his laundry or get after him for leaving the door open
And I will never forgive this wrong.

If Conner could speak to me now, I imagine him saying, “Mom, just take one day at a time, everything will fall into place.” I wish I could believe that. So I trust that the decisions made from this court will be just and will help us to try and close this door. I never want to think about this day again, but I know that it will haunt my dreams for the rest of my life.

Thank you.